

FORD TIMES

JANUARY, 1976



Special
California
Section



1976 Ford Granada. The smoothness and quiet of Cadillac Seville and Mercedes 280. Priced under \$4,000.

Can a car, sticker priced under \$4,000, offer aspects of smoothness and quiet found in \$12,000 cars?

In a recently completed series of interior sound and riding comfort tests, some surprising answers emerged.

Test 1: Riding comfort. In the riding comfort tests, we measured vibration levels of a new Granada, Seville and Mercedes 280. In every test conducted, Granada consistently ranked first or second.

Test 2: Interior noise. In one of the interior noise level tests, the

cars were driven over a smooth, measured road surface at about 55 mph. In every test, the Granada actually rode quieter than the Mercedes. Seville was slightly quieter.

Final test: Under \$4,000. Granada's base sticker price: \$3,707 (2-door), \$3,798 (4-door), excluding taxes, title and destination charges (with 200 CID Six engine not available in Calif.). Granada shown with optional wsw tires (\$36), deluxe bumper group (\$61), bodyside molding (\$28) and rocker panel molding (\$19).

The closer you look, the better we look. See us for a test drive now.



FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine January, 1976, Vol. 69, No. 1

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COVER: Custom vans, like this boldly painted Ford Econoline, are the rage from coast to coast. According to Michael LeRoy, the craze began on the beaches of California. Story begins on page 32. Photo by Michael LeRoy.

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Imagine a Skating Rink Five Miles Long!

THE FIVE MILES of the Rideau Canal within downtown Ottawa bothered the National Capital Commission of Canada because they lay drained and useless during the long winter. The commission hired a panel of experts to study the feasibility of converting the stretch to

by Franke Keating

PHOTO COURTESY CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICE OF TOURISM





a public ice-skating rink. The panel reported "Impossible" and gave a formidable list of reasons.

With sublime indifference to expert opinion, the commission went ahead anyhow in the winter of 1972-1973 and flooded the canal two feet deep (deeper would crack the concrete retaining walls when the freezing water expands) and, as an experiment, kept a few hundred yards free of snow.

By the tens of thousands, Ottawans overwhelmed the little patch of ice. The locks survived the freezing undamaged, nobody was hurt, the cost was reasonable, the experts were dumbfounded. So, the commission went all out. Now, according to the Guinness bible for settling bar bets, every winter from mid-December to mid-March Ottawa has the longest ice rink in North America—five miles of frozen-over canal covering 15 million square feet.

Freezing of the Rideau is a classic case of an idea whose time had come. Ottawans had been passing their severe winters sipping soothing beverages, watching the Unblinking Eye (TV) and marking off the calendar against the great Tulip Festival in May and the official end of the gloomy season. With the opening of the rink, they bought skates by the tens of thousands and fled to the outdoors. On a sunny weekend, 70,000 flock to the canal.

During the week, youngsters skate to school, retired oldsters brush up fancy steps half-remembered from youth, and young mothers pull sleds carrying babies too young for blades of their own. At lunchtime, thousands of office workers gobble a quick sandwich and turn out on the rink for a half-hour's exercise in the stinging cold.

Following the lead of Douglas Fullerton, former chairman of the capital commission and the stubborn official who brushed aside expert opinion to make the rink possible, scores of civil servants skate to work daily, their street shoes in their attaché cases.

To accommodate skaters like the office workers who must change far from their parked cars, the commission maintains six changing sheds. Two have canned music, two sell snacks and two offer skate sharpening service. Lights illuminate the rink till midnight.

The experts had been right about some of the difficulties. Ottawa has around seven feet of snow every winter. Great for

PHOTO BY FRANKE KEATING



Left: Youngster receives helping hand with a problem skate. Above: Couple take advantage of open ice



skiing, perhaps, but discouraging for the skater. Besides, snow is a splendid insulator; under a blanket left by a typical Ontario blizzard, ice will not freeze deep enough for safety even during ferocious cold snaps.

So the commission put 77 men to work in three shifts around the clock seven days a week keeping the ice smooth and clean. The first flake of a fresh snowfall barely touches the ice before the snow blowers crank up. Because snow piled on the canal's edges weighs the edges downward and causes buckling of the center, the snow is blown clean across the banks. When surfaces become scored by too many blades, machines drill eight-inch holes in the ice and pumps spread a new layer of water from the canal to freeze as a smooth coating.

College students trained in first aid and light police work patrol in uniform till midnight to give help at accidents and to drive off pesky hockey players and frolicsome dogs.

After midnight, under reduced lighting, only the occasional pair of lovers provide company for the workers blowing snow till dawn brings out the first civil servants gliding officeward. □

Ford LTD

Beautifully Styled, Quality-Built

DESPITE THE RISING popularity of small cars, there are at least 12 million good reasons for an automobile that offers generous interior dimensions and a large luggage compartment. That's the number of U.S. households containing five or more people—households that need cars large enough to hold more than four passengers.

The Ford LTD meets that need. Comfortably. Quietly. And in style. That's why it was Ford's best-selling car in the 1975 model year.

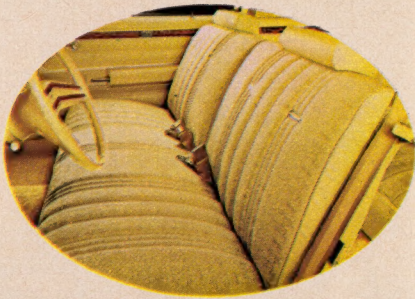
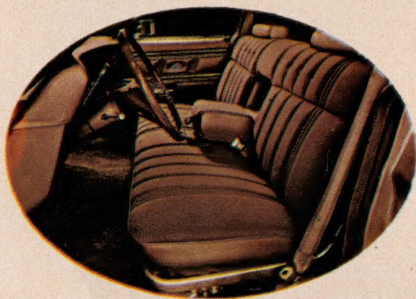
The full-size Ford is known for its quality workmanship, roomy six-passenger interior and quiet ride. In styling, it never takes a back seat to any competitor. And, the LTD retains much of its value at trade-in time.

For 1976, the Ford LTD continues to offer a lineup that is designed to appeal to a large segment of new-car buyers. Three series are offered—LTD, LTD Brougham, and LTD Landau; each is available in two- and four-door pillared hardtops. Two station wagons—

by Michael E. Maattala



LTD Brougham Four-Door and standard cloth bench seat (below left)



LTD Two-Door and standard cloth interior (above right)



LTD and Country Squire—complete the lineup.

All are quiet, smooth-riding cars. The Ford torque box frame is designed to help reduce road shocks; front springs and shock absorbers are calibrated to match the weight/ride requirements of each application, depending on model, engine and optional equipment. Rubber

bushings installed at key points in the front and rear suspensions also help eliminate noise and vibration.

Ford models feature an array of standard equipment, including gas-saving steel-belted radial-ply tires and a solid-state ignition system that allows longer intervals between scheduled maintenance.

For added driving ease, Ford



LTD Landau Two-Door with flight bench seat in optional all-vinyl trim



models also come with power steering, power front disc brakes and SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission.

The standard engine for hardtops is a 351-CID V-8. Two optional V-8s—a 400-CID and a 460-CID—also are available.

To help improve fuel economy

for 1976, engines have been recalibrated and a 2.75:1 rear axle ratio has been made standard with all engines. The Ford LTD equipped with a 351-CID V-8 and automatic transmission is estimated at 19 miles per gallon on the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) highway-cycle test and 13 mpg on the city cycle. Since these are EPA estimates, your actual mileage will vary, depending on your car's condition and optional equipment, and how and where you drive. California ratings are lower.

The Ford trunk meets the needs of those who require a large storage compartment for family or business use. There's 21.9 cubic feet of space, and the deep-well design allows luggage to be stored upright.

One of the most attractive features of the standard-size Ford is its roomy, luxurious interior. Even LTD models, the lowest-priced cars in the line, come with cut-pile carpeting, a spacious "Front Room" right passenger area, a bench seat with rich brocade cloth and vinyl trim, full-length padded armrests and woodtone appliques on the instrument and door trim panels. Brougham models also have an electric clock, color-keyed deluxe belts and a knit-cloth bench seat with fold-down center armrest. The elegant Landau interior features a flight bench seat with luxurious seat and door trim and quartz crystal digital clock.

Ford exteriors are equally well

appointed. LTD models come with vinyl insert bodyside moldings, hood ornament and bright moldings. Additional standard features on Brougham models include full wheel covers, dual accent paint stripes and a vinyl roof (two-door models have a new half-roof treatment). The Landau models sport hidden headlamps, front cornering lamps and wide, color-keyed, vinyl insert bodyside moldings.

Ford station wagons offer the same level of fine styling, attractive appointments and functional equipment as the hardtops. In addition, they provide the roominess and versatility valued so much by wagon owners. That's why they have been the best-selling standard-size wagons over the years.

Ford wagons seat six passengers—eight with the optional dual facing rear seats. The cargo area has 94.6 cubic feet of storage space with rear seats folded down. There's also 9.1 cubic feet of lockable underfloor storage space (5.4 cubic feet with dual facing rear seats).

The standard engine for both the LTD Wagon and Country Squire is a 400-CID V-8. It teams with SelectShift transmission. Also standard: power steering, power front disc brakes, Three-Way Magic Doorgate and a spare tire extractor.

Standard bench seats for both wagons are trimmed in durable all-vinyl. The Country Squire also features woodgrain vinyl paneling on bodysides and tailgate, color-



LTD Country Squire

keyed deluxe belts, cargo light, electric clock, hidden headlamps and full wheel covers.

Highlighting the new options offered in 1976 is a Harmony Color Group. Available on the Brougham and Landau series, this dual-tone paint/tape treatment comes in four color combinations: dark brown/tan glow, black/silver, dark blue/silver blue glow, and dark green/green glow. The new AM/FM stereo search radio has all the features and performance of the regular stereoradio, plus the convenience of a seek/scan tuning mechanism.

Other new options are four-wheel power disc brakes and adjustable level air shock absorbers. For 1976, there are 16 base LTD trim choices, including new red and gold colors and expanded availability of Ford's exclusive DuraWeave vinyl fabric. The trim selection for the Landau

Luxury Group's split bench seats also has been expanded. Hardtop buyers now have their choice of luxury cashmere-like knit cloth or super-soft vinyl, with leather seating surfaces available at extra cost. When the Landau Luxury Group is ordered on the Country Squire, seats are trimmed in super-soft vinyl (leather available at extra cost).

Models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Harmony Color Group, Landau Luxury Group, color-keyed wheel covers, white sidewall tires, power seat, power windows, Fingertip Speed Control, AM/FM stereo, SelectAire Conditioner, Deluxe Bumper Group, deluxe wheel covers, half vinyl roof, full wheel covers, color-keyed deluxe belts, Convenience Group, deluxe luggage rack, vinyl-insert bodyside molding, tinted glass. □



HOW I ENVY TALENTED TRAVELERS

*by Mary Augusta Rodgers
illustrations by Robert Boston*

SOME PEOPLE seem to have a natural talent for traveling—an unexplained gift from the gods at birth, like perfect pitch or a photographic memory. And then there are the rest of us.

The way we all tackle the packing problem provides a good example. I don't envy the toothbrush-in-the-pocket kind of travelers; they may breeze through custom lines and airports, but what happens when they arrive at their destination? Not much, because they never have what they need. (See the wistful visitor in her one outfit, a dowdy drip-dry dress and crepe-soled flat shoes? Where would you take

her for lunch? The best restaurant in town or the museum cafeteria?) On the other hand, I don't recommend my own packing method, which is to take *everything*. Invited for a weekend, I arrive with enough luggage for a stay of six months and my friends turn pale at the sight.

There are those who make packing into a part-time job. They write lists, plan ahead, coordinate colors and accessories, and pack with shoe bags and plastic containers and tissue paper and collapsible coat hangers. A lot of work, they admit, but worth it. Until they see a talented traveler in action—someone who throws a few things into a lightweight suitcase at the last minute and arrives with a present for his hostess, the right wardrobe, a heavy sweater to wear when the weather turns unseasonably cold, and the one invaluable item that nobody else thought of—binoculars, perhaps, or a backgammon board.

I remember another talented traveler—a plump, placid lady on a charter flight to Europe. The plane was ill-equipped, but no matter—the lady had everything that anyone needed in her big purse. At various times she produced: Band-aids, aspirin, safety pins, a small sewing kit, even a new pair of panty hose. The climax came when the charter's glamour girl rushed to

the lavatory in obvious distress, holding a hand over one eye. The lady sighed sympathetically.

"Ask her," she whispered to the stewardess, "if she needs some eyelash glue."

Some other ways in which talented travelers are different from you and me:

They read maps easily. Not only that; one expert flick of the wrist and the map falls back into its original folds. Their sense of direction is uncanny. When we're driving toward a glowing sunset, I get the feeling that we're heading west but talented travelers would know this any time, even on a rainy night. They can find obscure places in strange cities, operating on instinct or their own radar system. They never panic when they're in a torrent of traffic on an expressway, looking for the Wobbly Falls exit, and two signs suddenly loom ahead; one says WOBBLY FALLS RIGHT and the other says LEFT TO WOBBLY FALLS, and the decision time is two minutes. They seldom get lost but when they do, they don't mind asking directions. Not only that; they remember what they were told and never waste time going around in circles, muttering, "Did he say *right* at the top of the hill and *left* past the bridge or was it the other way around?"

They stay neat and clean, even when they're camping in a wilderness area. Their kids stay

neat and clean, too. Don't ask me how. If the plane hits an air pocket, their coffee never spills; if the car stops suddenly, their pop bottle never overflows. They always have litter bags handy but never seem to need them. It's spooky. They seldom get sick but when they do, they admit it. Not only that; they go right to bed and recover quickly, instead of being brave. Being brave means dragging around complaining and spreading germs.

They have a knack for locating good restaurants and comfortable and inexpensive hotels. Driving through farm country late at night, they can still find a good motel with an open coffee shop and plenty of ice in the ice machine. They start conversations only with strangers who turn out to be interesting to talk to.

The one thing talented travelers can't do is explain how they

know what they know. I kept after one until he gave me the following advice: Avoid small restaurants with large menus, hotels with artificial plants in the lobby, motels with lines of flapping plastic flags near the entrance, and people who keep their dark glasses on indoors. This was okay as far as it went, but there *has* to be more to the selection process than that. I think he left something out.

They always remember their address book, have enough stamps, and are able to think of interesting observations to write on postcards. They don't repeat themselves, either. They pick up wonderful presents to take home without wasting time on official shopping; presents that are unusual, charming, characteristic of the place being visited, and also small, unbreakable and cheap. They never buy items designed for the sole purpose of being bought by tourists, or anything stamped GREETINGS FROM WOBBLY FALLS.

They adjust easily to different food, customs and climates, not to mention traffic and parking regulations. They know how to tip and never worry about it. Bad weather never bothers them—possibly because cabs come promptly at their call, like pet poodles. And because they have more inner resources than other people. You know what it's like to be trapped with small children in a

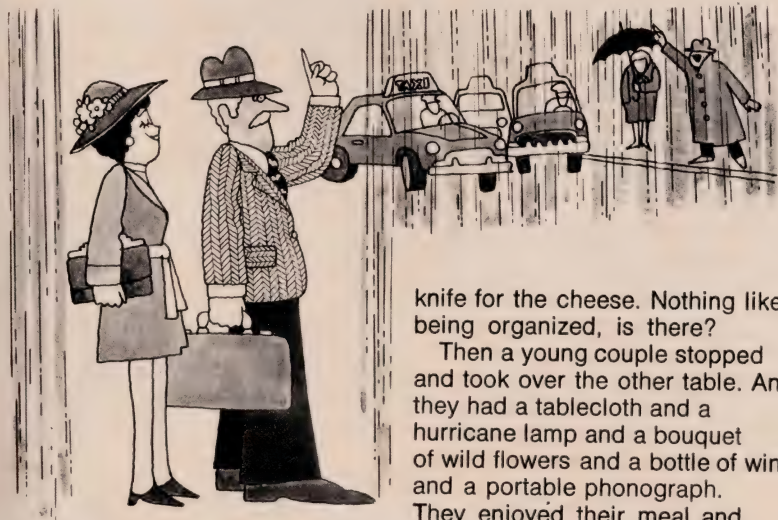


beach cottage when it rains? Well, we were at a place like that when it rained incessantly for four days and I've never forgotten the one family who came to the dining hall every night, all smiles and party manners and sparkling, wait-till-you-hear-this conversation. The rest of us just sat and stared at them, our spirits broken.

Talented travelers have catholic tastes. They like New York City

window shoppers and they love to sit in sidewalk cafes and watch the rest of the world go by.

One final illustration: We'd been driving all day and we thought we were pretty smart when we found the perfect picnic spot—two tables in a clearing framed by birch trees and overlooking a lake. We had everything we needed for supper, too; even salt for the hard-boiled eggs and a



and the Grand Canyon and little side streets in shady Southern towns. They don't mind being with, or without, other tourists. They know how to savor the moment; they are great strollers and

knife for the cheese. Nothing like being organized, is there?

Then a young couple stopped and took over the other table. And they had a tablecloth and a hurricane lamp and a bouquet of wild flowers and a bottle of wine and a portable phonograph. They enjoyed their meal and later danced by the light of the moon. Then they packed up and left, as quickly as they had come.

That's another thing about talented travelers. They know that the time to go home is while you're still enjoying the trip. □

Special
California
Section





Cyclo-Cross

*In this rugged sport,
sometimes the bike carries you,
and sometimes you carry the bike*

by Allan Girdler

photos by David Gooley

WHEN RICHARD HAMMEN finished earning his doctorate in chemistry, he decided to take a vacation. Hammen is a physical fitness expert, developer of a system to improve aerobics, which we laymen know as better breathing. It followed, then, that Hammen's vacation was a season of point-to-point competition bicycle racing.

He had a good season. He won some, he lost some. More important from Hammen's viewpoint, every race, every grueling day spent crouched over the pedals, added to his strength and endurance. By the end of the season, he was ready for cyclo-cross.

Cyclo-cross is a new word, even to bicycle buffs. It's an assembled word, stemming from bicycle and moto-cross. As you'd guess, cyclo-cross is moto-cross for bicycles. That is, it's cross-country racing, up hill and down, through mud and rough terrain, with the power coming from the racer's legs instead of his machine.

This is an international sport. The worldwide body that governs biking competition recognizes cyclo-cross and even awards a world championship. The events are held in Europe, where bicycle racing of all types has long been popular.

As biking becomes more popular here, so do the various forms of bicycle sports, cyclo-cross among them. Dedicated racers and physical fitness buffs think it's great, for the same reason that lazy people find

it better to watch than do.

Cyclo-cross is cross-country racing, literally. Rules require that part of the course be too rough for riding. Several times each lap a rider becomes a beast of burden. He (or she) must dismount, pick up the bike and carry it, sometimes down a hill but more often up a hill. A steep hill. Covered with weeds and rocks and brambles.

Aside from that, cyclo-cross is easy to organize or take part in. Courses aren't hard to find. All the promoting club needs is a stretch of road, some open country and badlands in the form of a swamp or a ravine. Most bike races involve classes and skill brackets. Not here. There aren't too many riders eager to work this hard, so the rules allow events to be wide open, with men, women, kids, professionals and amateurs, all thrown into the battle together.

The equipment varies with the level of interest and involvement. In theory, any bike can be used. In practice, probably because the entrants are already involved in other forms of racing, the cyclo-cross bike is a lightweight road racing model.

Slogging through mud and crashing into rocks isn't what normal racing bikes are supposed to do. Usually the riders who do it more than once show up the second time with their spare machines—the ones they use in practice.

Serious competitors go beyond

this, with adaptations such as gear-shift levers mounted on the ends of the handlebars, where they can be worked with both hands on the grips, and with sideplates on the front sprockets, to keep the chain from hopping off the track in the rough. A few dedicated racers have imported thin, knobby tires for the mud. They fit higher handlebars and mount the seat farther back for better traction, and wear cleated boots for the same reason.

All this is useful but not required, not yet. Cyclo-cross is new to the U. S. and the entrants are people who simply like to race bicycles.

A recent cyclo-cross was sponsored by the Montrose (California) Cycle Club. A racing and social group like most cycle clubs, it was eager to try something new in the way of competition. Site was Occidental College, in the Eagle Rock district of Los Angeles. The campus is carved out of the foothills at the edge of the Los Angeles Basin. There are winding roads and wooded hills and abrupt ravines, everything a cyclo-cross needs. Almost. There were no streams within easy reach, so club members created a water hazard by piling dirt at one end of an athletic field and running a hose on the pile for a few hours.

The course began on a paved campus drive, then swerved downhill and across the baseball field to the water hazard. There riders would dismount and lug the bikes

up a steep hill for about 100 yards. At the top of a hill was a fence and course markers required the fence to be vaulted. Then through the woods, across a few hills and down a narrow trail across which a log had been dragged. A steep descent, a climb up a drainage ditch, through the woods again and back onto the pavement, at the foot

Lifting bike over a fallen log is all part of a day's ride for cyclo-cross racer





of a hill leading to the start-finish line. Distance—0.8 miles.

There were 27 starters, two teenage boys, three girls, one grey head. The rest were young men (including Richard Hammen) in their late teens to early 30s. Admission to the event was free. Although there had been no publicity, a crowd, perhaps 100 strong, gathered to watch. They raised a respectable cheer as the field swept across the starting line and down the hill.

The crowd separated into its component parts. Photographers, amateur and professional, went to the steepest of the hills. Wives and girl friends stuck close to the start-finish. The picnickers went to the woods and a group of small boys headed for the water hazard, which was fast becoming a mud hole where the melting dirt revealed a hidden curb. If a rider came over the hill too fast, his front wheel would dig in and he'd fly over the bars.

Meanwhile, back in the race, the first laps were a display of skill and speed. It was a different kind of sport to watch. No noise, no violence, all close-at-hand action.

That's not to say there wasn't drama. One rider hit the hidden curb and crashed, hard enough to crumple the bike's frame. He rolled into a ball on the way over, landed in a neat somersault and walked away. Another racer skidded

through the mud and came to a stop at the base of the hill. He looked up that towering climb with its fence at the top and simply dropped the bike to the ground, turned and walked away without a backward glance.

He wasn't the only one. Lap times grew longer—from six minutes to seven, then to eight. More riders dropped out. It was a hot day. A spectator handed a water bottle to a rider, then trotted alongside while the rider took a few swigs. "Awfully nice of you," the rider smiled.

"How many laps left?" the crowd asked the leader.

"Don't know," he said. "They'll tell me when to stop."

Sure enough, the word got around. As the leaders began their eighth lap, with 16 remaining riders of 27, the crowd regrouped at the start-finish line. The victor pedaled across the line and under the checkered flag, then leaned back in the saddle, threw his helmet in the air and grinned as the spectators cheered.

"Anybody got a beer?" he asked the crowd. Somebody handed him a frosty can.

The television crew stepped forward. Microphone in hand, their leader intoned, "Is a can of beer the only prize you'll get?"

Richard Hammen took a long gulp. "It's all I need." □

Bikes on their shoulders, straining cyclists struggle up steep incline



I Grow My Wheat and Bake My Bread

To achieve a great slice, plant your own seed

by Harold Rubin

paintings by Larry McManus

LAST JANUARY I sowed a trial patch of winter wheat in my garden. I live near Auburn, in the Sierra foothills about 40 miles east of Sacramento.

Late in June, I cut, bound, shocked, threshed, winnowed and ground the sun-dried kernels. With the first batch of flour I baked two fragrant one-pound loaves of whole wheat bread.

While the dough was rising, I had time to think about why I had carried out the almost extinct ritual of preparing flour from one's own wheat. Mainly, I suppose it was the memory of the taste of homemade bread and of the aroma which filled our home when my mother and grandmother baked.

We had a large kitchen, not a narrow closet with a counter and bar stools. There was room for young helpers, and my mother often had me work the dough until it reached the desired satiny texture.

Another of my youthful experiences led me to the bread board. During one of my high school summer vacations, I worked in the Kansas wheat harvest. I was on a crew that followed the combines which cut and bound the sheaves of grain.

We stacked the sheaves in shocks, so that the grain would dry and cure before the threshing operation. I still recall the beautiful sight of the Kansas prairie covered with a blanket of sun-bleached grain. It was as though someone had strewn

the land with placer nuggets from the Mother Lode.

Years later while based in Italy with the Air Force, I watched some farmers flailing and grinding their own wheat. They baked round, coarse-textured loaves in an outdoor oven of brick. Those tasty loaves remained fresh inside the chewy crusts until next week's batch was baked. On the seventh day the bread left was still moist and delicious.

Experiment begins

I began experimenting with the bread-making process about two years ago. I suppose my progression was inevitable. First it was a loaf made from bleached, store-bought white flour. Then I switched to unbleached white flour. Next came whole wheat.

Most of my early loaves were edible, but hardly enjoyable. I discovered that bread making is a genuine art. For me, patience and experimentation were necessary parts of the learning process.

Along the way I began to use a manually operated grinding mill and to shop at a health food store that sold organically grown whole grain. While savoring my first whole-grain, home-ground loaf, I had an illumination. My home on Duncan Hill is surrounded by three acres of fairly fertile red soil.

I already was involved in gardening—tomatoes, squash, corn, sunflowers, etc. Most of the crops had been satisfactory. Why not a patch

of wheat, I asked myself. However, recalling my experience in Kansas where the wheat fields stretched to the horizon, I reluctantly decided that anything less than 160 acres of wheat would be laughable.

Then one day last year my neighbor's daughter showed me a sheaf of wheat with heavy and full heads. She said her father had tossed some grain out to the quail the previous winter. Seed that the birds missed had grown to maturity, nurtured by the winter rains.

Here was proof that wheat was no different than corn or sunflowers. If you sow seed at the right time in good soil and apply water, it will grow—even in a flower pot.

So last winter I prepared a modest trial patch, about 30 feet by 15 feet, on ground where I previously had grown vegetables. At a local farm supply store I bought a supply of Anza wheat seed—a variety of hard red winter wheat that makes good bread flour.

Early in January I prepared the soil and sowed the patch liberally. I prudently covered the seed with a thin layer of soil to protect it from the hungry birds who hang around Duncan Hill. Since my acreage is covered with wild grass, it was two months before I realized that I had a crop in the making.

After a few winter rains, Duncan Hill turns green. Early in February I noticed that the patch sown to winter wheat was several shades lighter than the surrounding wild

grass. I took that as a hopeful sign but I was concerned about the ability of the wheat to withstand below-freezing temperatures. The elevation on Duncan Hill is about 1,200 feet. We generally get a few inches of snow during the winter months.

The Anza wheat proved as hardy as wild grass. Seemingly it was impervious to several fairly hard freezes. By May I knew I had a crop. The heads of the wheat plants were much larger and fuller than those of the surrounding wild grasses. Each seed was topped by a



L. McManis '75

distinctively long and spiny shaft.

Well into the dry season, in June, I carefully sprinkled the patch twice, uncertain if water was necessary or advisable. The plants were waist high and sturdy, and the heads were plump. I decided to eliminate any further watering and to let the crop dry out to the golden color that signals its maturity and readiness for cutting.

I began to plan for the harvest after I had turned in my grades at California State University, Sacramento, where I teach. Using a sickle, I cut a portion of the patch, bound the sheaves, and made two shocks that I allowed to cure for a week.

When an unseasonable rain late in June threatened to mildew the standing grain, I moved the shocks into the garage. Fortunately, the rain was of short duration. A hot sun the next day evaporated the moisture from the dampened crop that still remained in the garden.

Threshing and winnowing were the most difficult operations in my small-scale experiment with wheat production. I made a flail from a discarded broomstick and a foot-long section cut from a broken ax handle. After drilling $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch holes in both pieces, I tied the sections together with a piece of sturdy rubber cord.

Other inexpensive aids came in handy, including a one-by-two-foot piece of hardware cloth with a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch mesh, several empty card-



board cartons, and a six-foot-long piece of unbleached muslin.

A sharp blade with a serrated edge was an effective tool to cut the heads off each sheaf. That eliminated most of the bulky straw. Piling the heads of grain in the center of the unbleached muslin, I compressed and tied the contents into a fairly compact bag which I flailed. When tired of flailing, I resorted to stomping the bag with my feet.

With sufficient flailing (and lots of stomping and pounding, too), the wheat kernels broke free from their protective hulls. After a few trial runs, I found that it helped to sift the contents of the flailed bag through the mesh cloth to remove stalks and debris.

Winnowing has to be done when a slight breeze is blowing. Using the cardboard cartons, I poured the kernels and chaff from one box to

the other, holding one about three feet over the other. Depending on the strength of the breeze, most of the chaff will be blown away in about 10 cycles of pouring from one box to the other.

A clean towel placed on the bottom of the receiving box helps prevent the kernels from bouncing out. Another way to hold the loss of grain at a minimum is to winnow on the piece of muslin cloth that was used during flailing.

The final step was to manually remove any remaining chaff or straw from the grain. I accidentally discovered a way to make this easier. I was using a large plastic bowl to hold the winnowed grain when I noticed that a charge of static electricity was set up when the contents were sloshed around. All remaining debris flew up and clung to the walls of the bowl, sticking there because of the charge. The wheat kernels remained on the bottom. It was then simple to brush out the charged debris until nothing remained but the grain.

Until it is time for grinding, it is best to store the grain in clean, dry glass containers. Packed like this, it will keep in cool storage for at least two years. The odor of fresh grain in a jar is like that of a fine tea. And everyone will respond to the tactile pleasure of running their hands through several pounds of clean, brown kernels.

I have an inexpensive, manually operated grinder. I grind only a few

pounds at a time because flour loses its flavor and nutritional value much more rapidly than does the whole grain. To get a flour fine enough for bread, biscuits, or pancakes I run the grain through three separate grinds, tightening the machine down a bit each time.

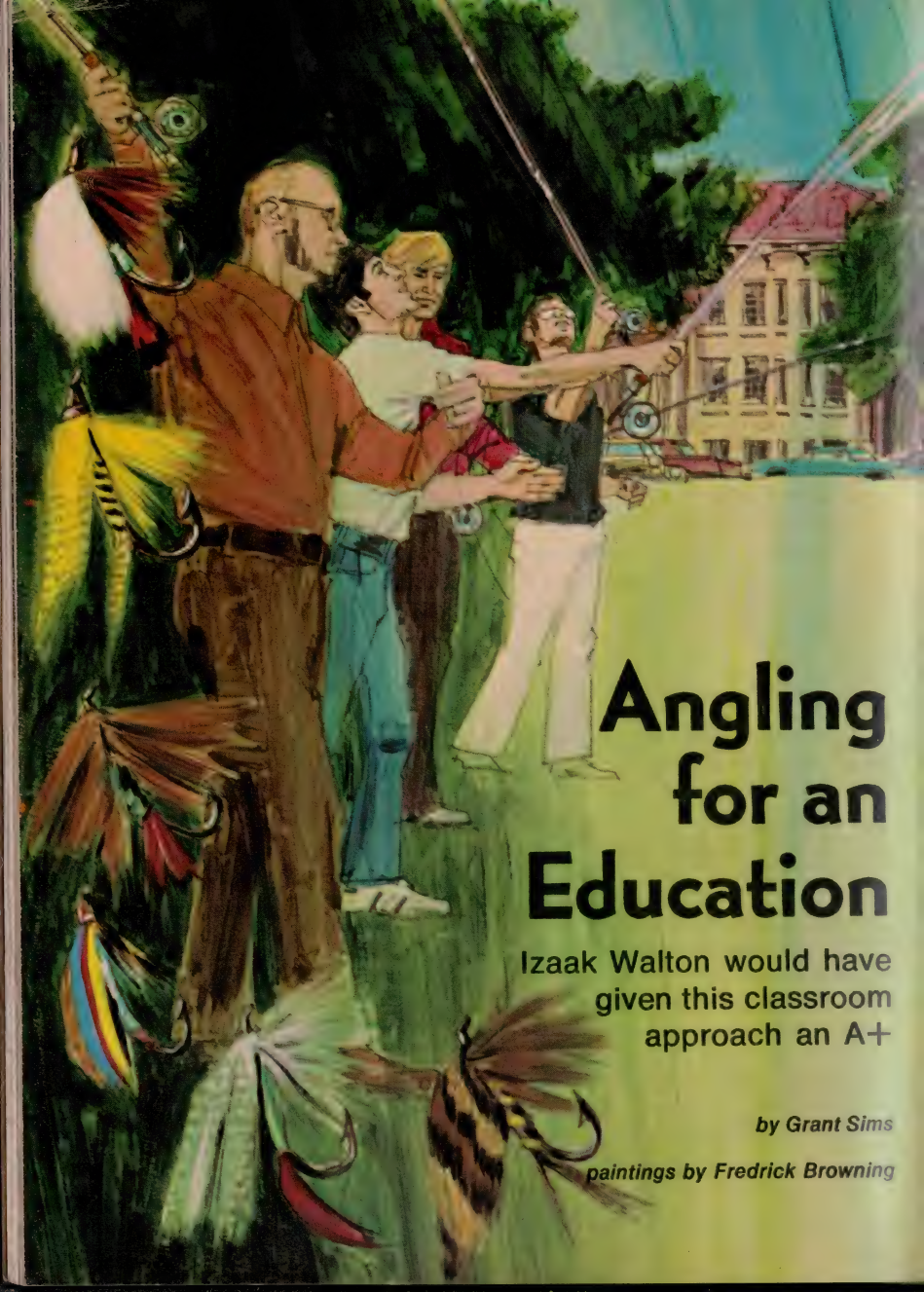
Larger crop forecast

Having found that garden-size patches of winter wheat are practicable in northern California, I am now making plans for the next go-around. Even using my primitive methods of cutting, threshing and winnowing, one person can handle wheat from a quarter of an acre. A plot of that size should yield from three to five bushels—about 180 to 300 pounds of wheat. From my first trial patch I harvested about 21 pounds.

Is small-scale wheat growing worth the effort?

The answer is in a buttered slice of naturally sweet, freshly baked whole wheat bread, made from wheat home-grown and home-ground—a gourmet treat equal in taste and texture to Europe's finest peasant bread. One slice will be enough to induce any home gardener to relearn the basic trinity of skills routinely practiced by our ancestors: farmer-miller-baker.

Yet, I plan to pursue my adventure in making bread one step further. Now I am doing research and making sketches for a wood-fueled, outdoor oven of brick. □



Angling for an Education

Izaak Walton would have
given this classroom
approach an A+

by Grant Sims

paintings by Fredrick Browning

TRADITIONALLY, STUDENTS, fishing poles and school days don't mix. But there is a change in the making. Almost 200 angling courses are now offered through elementary schools, high schools, colleges and universities from the Catskills to the Cascades. And at least one teacher has gone even a step further.

"I've found no better way to get a young man excited about learning," says Dr. James B. Ifft, "than to wrap the Three R's around a Number 10 hook and call them 'Anglish.' "

One poster which stands out from several eye-catchers tacked to Jim Ifft's classroom wall bears a proverb from Thoreau.

"Some men fish all their lives," it says, "without knowing it is not really the fish they are after."

The posters, plus an array of other piscatorial paraphernalia, are props for Dr. Ifft's full-credit course at the University of Redlands in southern California: "Angling for an Education."

Dr. Ifft is a chemistry professor who had the idea for the course while fishing for an activity class to teach outside his major field. His concept was to bring together students with a common interest—angling, in this case—and use it as a medium for branching into biology, chemistry, religion, philosophy, you name it.

"I wanted to show that a student can relate any task he has to undertake to more enjoyable interests

in life," he says.

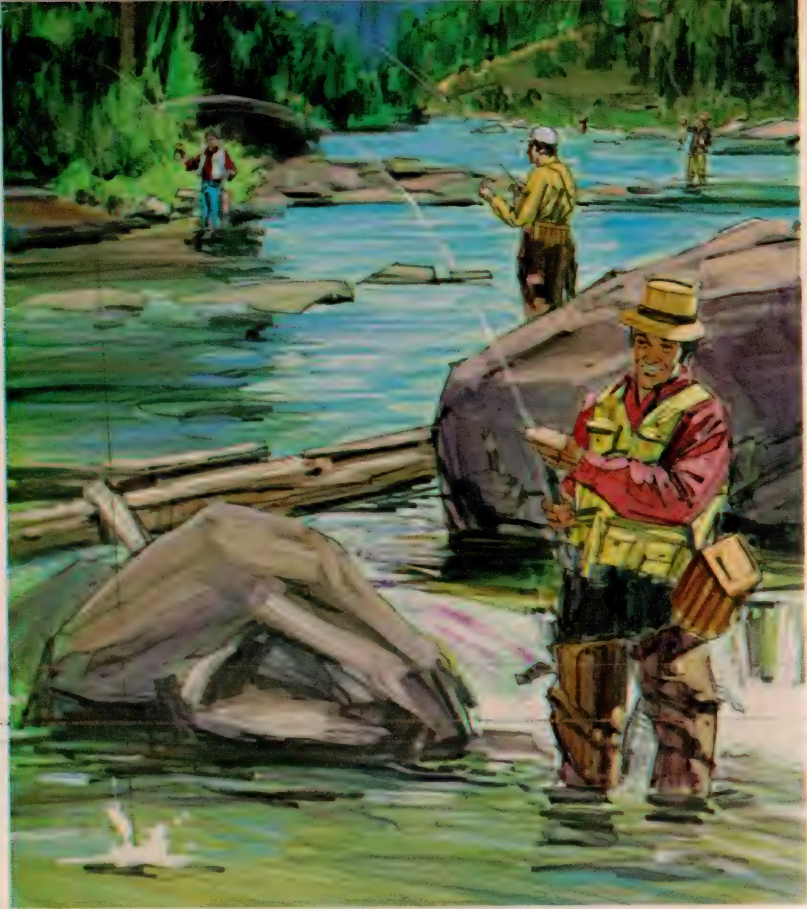
The result is a laboratory in a cultured old pastime, with students learning to tie their own flies, to cast, to knot tapered leaders, and even to build their own rods from fiberglass blanks. Yet beyond that, the course flows through a myriad of academic streams that link fishing to everything from entomology to politics.

One spring, for instance, Bill Kaufmann, an angling publisher, delivered a series of lectures. His subjects included "The Poetry of Angling," "From Fishes to Man and back to . . .," "Fishing and the Law," and "Fishing in Books and Other Unlikely Places."

Students, visiting instructors and others added angles of their own. A Presbyterian minister named Wendall Wollam spoke on "Izaak Walton: Three Centuries and 400 Editions Later." A mathematics major delivered a treatise on "The Thermodynamics of Swimming," a pre-med student gave an address on "Physics of Underwater Vision," and other students keyed talks to additional major areas of study.

To pass the course, students do things such as write short stories centering on fishing, re-create an antiquated horsehair fly line, or complete sets of flies designed by famous anglers.

My first encounter with the professor and his 20 students was incidental. As an education writer I was at the university on an assign-



ment which had nothing to do with what happened as I was walking across the normally peaceful, park-like university quadrangle.

I was strolling across campus when serenity was shattered by an unorthodox shout: "Okay, let's switch places for a while. You fellows fish the white water; and Gary, why don't you move over

here and try this pool . . ."

Of course, there is no pool on the quad, much less white water!

"There's a good hole up by Melrose Hall," came another voice.

"Watch it, Mario, you almost got me in the eye . . ."

"Hey, Dr. Ifft, I'm hung up, Should I break the line or cut down the tree . . ."

That's all it took. Facing the swirl of tapered leaders arching up toward the spire of the university chapel, I was off on a tangent.

The first thing evident about Jim Ifft's students is that they are intensely eager. They follow the curriculum with . . . well, with baited breath, you might say.

So did I, after a few minutes in the classroom as a visitor. Ifft was mesmerizing as he gathered fragments of thread, tinsel, fur, floss and feathers; looped them deftly together around an almost invisible hook clamped in its half-pint vise; and swiftly performed the magic construction of probably the most classic of flies, the *Royal Coachman*.

My visit happened to coincide with that of Bill Kaufmann, the book publisher, who launched his talk with the tidbit that it was a *woman* who first immortalized angling in the English language.

"Every angler knows that Izaak Walton was the granddaddy of all trout fishermen," he said. "But not too many know about the grand-mamma. Dame Juliana Berners, the Lady Prioress of England's Sopwell Nunnery, pre-dated Walton's *Compleat Angler* by 150 years with her *Treatyse on Fishing With an Angle*. She published instructions for 12 fishing flies—one for each month—in 1486."

I don't know about the students, but for me the class bordered on fantasy. Fishing had entered the classrooms during my student-days

only in the form of daydreams. Yet here was a learned man—a whole series of learned men, in fact—happily glorifying those same forbidden waters which probably had once lured them into truancy.

I went with the class on a field trip to California's Owens River to test their newly acquired skills. It was an examination of sorts. The final requirement of the course is that each student land a trout, using a fly he has created.

Ultimately, the class took a respectable number of browns, and the overall success of their day was much more than respectable. I realized while watching those young men strung out along the river that they were no more university students that day than you and I were when we played hooky with a can of worms. They had become students of the river.

"I'm afraid you've lost your class to a higher authority," I told Dr. Ifft.

The professor smiled. "You're right," he said. "I've taken them as far as I can." And as far as Jim Ifft was concerned, that was as it should be. After all, those sometimes vague but always powerful lessons of the river come from an institution much older than any built by man.

It's the same institution that taught Thoreau. And as he himself might say: "Pity the students who study all their lives without knowing it is not really the degree they are after." □

story and photos by Michael LeRoy

Look What They've



Done To Our VAN



CALIFORNIA'S KING of the road is rolling east—fast. The custom vans with their spectacular paint schemes and exotic interiors are appearing on streets throughout the Midwest and up and down the East Coast. Without a doubt, the van's in demand.

Why all this interest in a vehicle which used to be thought of as merely an efficient way to deliver parcels and flowers? As a Californian, I'll admit to being prejudiced when I say that van-mania is just another great idea from the folks here on the West Coast who have been trying their best to put a little pizzazz in your lifestyle lately.

More to the point, credit for these colorful additions to traffic really belongs to some innovative young Californians who had a problem. About five or six years ago, a group of ocean-front athletes, perhaps better known as surfers, discovered that while they were sitting around the evening campfire after a long day of riding the waves, their expensive equipment—those boards with the keel-like fin at the end—was being lifted with some regularity.

Then one day, as the story was told to me, an enterprising beach boy drove up in a Ford Econoline Van. As the sun was setting and his friends were replacing their boards on the rooftop racks of their "woodies," our van fan placed his in the back of his new vehicle and locked the doors. The beach scene was never the same.

Suddenly vans were everywhere and it wasn't long, in a state where cars were so customized that the term "California One-Off" was synonymous with highly modified automobiles, before backyard mechanics were turning Plain Jane vans into jazzy personal transportation.

One-upmanship played no small part in the evolution of the "Surfin' Van." Locking your board in the back made sense, but so did installing a small refrigerator to keep the drinks cool. And if you were going to take a few breaks to talk with friends, why not sit on comfortable carpeting? The installation of good quality speakers for background music, of couches and of the like was inevitable, I suppose.

In any event, today's custom vans bear as little resemblance to their predecessors as those did to the "woodie" station wagons they replaced. Van conversions these days are big business, and it's tough to keep up with the latest trends.



Basically, there are two types of van conversions being done. The larger group, by far, is the professional conversions like those done by Recreational Vans, Inc., Torrence and Sierra Vans, Inc., Long Beach. Some of their handiwork, along with vans supplied by Galpin Ford, Sepulveda, is pictured on these pages. Wild paints and stripes, unusually shaped portholes and tasteful, dressed-up interiors are what set these apart. Combined with the Ford Econoline, the result is sensational.

But there are a number of people who would rather do it themselves. Any given day on a California freeway you'll pass vans with names like "The Vulture," "Cleopatra's Chariot" or "Rip Van Winkle."

And if you dropped by the national van gathering in Bowling Green, Kentucky, last summer, you'd have seen 5,000 of the wildest privately done custom vans in the country.

One vanner, I'm told, spent a small fortune going beyond the usual paint and carpet applications to install indirect lighting, a retractable/swivel TV, paneling, wallpaper, bookshelves, an electronic tic-tac-toe game mounted in the floor, and so on.

Even as this is written, it seems that the popular mural—a scene painted on the side of a van depicting what the owner was most interested in (whether motorcycling, wild animals or water skiing)—is being replaced in California with wild geometric designs and bold striping in a variety of iridescent colors.

Owners claim that there's a lot more to van conversions than meets the eye. Ornamentation aside, a custom Ford Econoline Van is an ideal "weekend get-away" vehicle. It's sort of a mini-motorhome, with lots of room for the driver and passengers. Yet its gas mileage can be better than that of larger, home-away-from-home versions. What's more, the van has handling and







parking characteristics that are closer to those of a station wagon.

In fact, a tour of California customizing shops confirms that van conversions aren't just fancy paint jobs. As a typical vanner told me, the first thing you have to do to a van is add "wide weenies" (fat radial tires), a "bundle of snakes" (new exhaust manifold pipes) and "flares" (broad wheel lip covers).

They call it "van talk," folks, and it's spoken coast to coast. ☐

Photo Contest For Van Converters

FORD TIMES invites owners of converted Econoline Vans to send us 35mm color transparencies of their vehicles. We will pay \$50 for each one selected for publication. The photographs may show exteriors or interiors and will be judged on their suitability for FORD TIMES as well as the imagination, originality and ingenuity of the conversion. Do not include people in the pictures.

FORD TIMES editors will be the sole judges of the entries. Persons submitting pictures must own the photographed vehicle wholly or in part. All photographs used become the property of Ford Motor Company. The contest ends December 31, 1976. Entries will not be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by postage.

Send entries to:

FORD VAN CONVERSIONS
Ford Motor Company
Room 956
The American Road
Dearborn, Michigan 48121

OLIVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU
FIND A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING
BUT GLOVES

Muir Woods National Monument—One of California's most beautiful coastal redwood groves is located in this 550-acre monument. Named in honor of the famous naturalist and writer John Muir, the groves are in a canyon on the southwestern slope of Mount Tamalpais 17 miles north of San Francisco. Some of the park's redwoods (*Sequois sempervirens*) reach heights over 200 feet, have base diameters of 13 feet and have lived 400-800 years. Cars are not permitted in the monument; however, parking space is provided at the entrance. The park is open from 8 a.m. until sunset and charges an admission fee of 50 cents per person. No fee is charged to those 15 and under or 62 and over.

Monterey "Path of History"—Strollers will find a ready route mapped out along this city's historic walk. An orange-red line which has been painted down the center of the streets through this Spanish-influenced town leads to every old building of distinction. Each is marked with a plaque explaining its history and architecture. Several of the buildings are open to the public, including the Old Customhouse. Started by the Spanish in 1827, this structure is the oldest government building in the state. A map is available at the Monterey Peninsula Chamber of Commerce.

San Diego Zoo—This large zoo houses some of the rarest specimens in captivity. The animals—including lions, tigers, elephants, giraffes and gorillas—are in open areas, separated from the public only by moats. It also has one of the world's largest free-flight aviaries—90 feet high, 80 feet wide and 170 feet long. The newest attraction is the Skyfari aerial tramway which transports visitors from the main entrance to the Horn and Hoof Mesa, a third of a mile away. Open daily. There is an admission charge for adults.

Pasta Paradise—If antipasto, ravioli and zabaglione—accompanied by a glass of vintage California wine—tempt your palate, then a stopover in Occidental is a must. Situated in forested hills about 70 miles north of San Francisco, this tiny town (population 300) has three huge Italian family restaurants where you're invited to eat your fill. Although the wait is often long, the lines are friendly and the fare worth it.



Small, Sporty





and Sensible

CAR BUYERS know a good thing when they see it, and when they get a look at Ford's new Cobra II and Stallion cars, it's bound to be love at first sight.

These exciting 1976 Maverick, Mustang II and Pinto packages are exciting combinations: small cars with economy, good looks and handling.

While the Cobra name comes

from the original hybrid roadster designed by Carroll Shelby and sold through Ford dealerships in the early '60s, today's special Mustang II is really more reminiscent of the Shelby Mustang GT which debuted in the mid-'60s. Like the Shelby GT, all Cobra IIs are fastbacks and have unique double stripes centered and running from the front to the rear

The Stallions, Ford's spirited new small cars, are shown here in the Pinto Runabout (left), Tu-Tone Mustang II 2 + 2 (upper left) and Maverick Two-Door Sedan (above)

bumper. The muscular image is increased by front and rear-deck spoilers, a nonfunctional hood air scoop, dual color-keyed racing mirrors and BR-70 raised-white-letter tires. European-type louvers cover the rear quarter windows.

Two color combinations—white with blue accent stripes and fender emblems, and bright metallic blue with white stripes and emblems—are available. Cobra emblems are on the front fenders and a bright, die-cast cobra emblem is centered on the black-out grille.

While the look is high-speed, the Cobra II's performance is strictly high mileage with Ford's most economical powertrain, a 2.3-liter four-cylinder and four-speed manual transmission, as standard equipment. A 2.8-liter V-6 or a 302-cubic-inch V-8 is optional. The 302 engine is matched to an automatic transmission.

Many regular Mustang II options are available on Cobra II, including power steering, competition suspension, locking rear axle, leather-wrapped steering wheel and console.

Spearheading Ford's efforts to increase its already strong appeal to small-car buyers who like flair are the Stallions.

While the Maverick, Mustang II and Pinto Stallion versions differ in appearance and content, they have one thing in common: They

will generate excitement wherever they go.

The Mustang II Stallion is available as a Two-Door Hardtop or Three-Door 2 + 2. For the Pinto, the Stallion package is available on the Three-Door Runabout. The Maverick Stallion is a Two-Door Sedan.

All Stallions share the eye-catching large decal which consists of a spirited black stallion's head on either a red or orange background.

The Mustang II Stallions feature a special lower bodyside paint treatment; blacked-out window moldings, windshield wipers and grille; styled-steel wheels; and the stallion emblems on the front fenders.

The Pinto Stallion includes black moldings on the windows and doors and blacked-out windshield-wiper arms, hood, grille and lower back panel. The rocker-panel and wheel-lip areas receive a special black tape treatment. The package also contains dual racing mirrors, styled-steel wheels, A70 by 13 raised-white-letter tires, and a competition suspension.

In the Maverick, the Stallion package includes a black grille (except for argent center and outer bars), black moldings and unique black paint treatment on the hood, grille, decklid, lower body and lower back panel. Also included are dual racing mirrors,

styled-steel wheels, raised-white-letter steel-belted radial-ply tires and a competition suspension.

Stallions can be ordered in five exterior colors—silver metallic, bright red, bright yellow, polar white and silver blue glow. Black interior trim is available with all colors, and red trim is available on the Pinto and Mustang II when compatible with the exterior color.

Let Ford "kick" some excitement into your traveling life with

the Stallions and Cobra II—economical small cars that, at the same time, stand out as style leaders on the road. Models pictured on these pages have one or more of the following options: forged aluminum wheels, front and rear bumper guards, Stallion Option, color-keyed remote-control outside mirrors, raised white letter tires, Deluxe Bumper Group, front bumper guards, tu-tone paint. □

Mustang Cobra II: a bold and beautiful new expression of a great nameplate



FIVE OF US sat huddled in our life jackets on the inflated tubes of a 14-foot neoprene boat in Baja's San Ignacio Lagoon and listened. Between seconds of silence came an almost metrical "whoosh . . . whoosh . . . whoosh." Suddenly, a great gray-black prehistoric shape encrusted with barnacles—a shape more than three times the length of our boat—reared out of the lagoon just a few yards from us. Hundreds of gallons of silty water streamed from the downturned corners of its mouth. Momentarily, I had the urge to try to walk on water. No! *Run* on water. The creature crashed back into the lagoon and our boat rocked violently in the waves. Then, except for the "whooshes," all was quiet again. Faces in the boat stared at the water.

What we had seen was a California gray whale breaching, a feeding maneuver; what we had heard was the sound of its breathing. At mealtime, those giants lower filters, called baleens, which are hinged to the roofs of their mouths, and bulldoze along the lagoon's floor collecting baitfish, shellfish, crustaceans and other whale food-stuffs. Then they rise into vertical positions to drain water, sand and sediment through the corners of their mouths. The "whooshes" come from exhaling through blow-

holes in the tops of their heads.

Billed as educational, our nautical history trip far exceeded that promise. The trip can best be described as an "educational adventure." It is one that anybody with the fare and fortitude can have.

Most of the charterboat companies that offer cruises are based in San Diego. Some are open charters, meaning simply that anyone can join them. Others are reserved by groups; local universities make the cruises part of their natural history courses. Occasionally, those

Whoosh

"class boats" have space for non-students and welcome them aboard. That was the case with me; I found myself sharing a rocking room and board with 30 other passengers.

Our boat was H & M Landing's *Finalista 100*, a 96-foot luxury craft containing just about every sea safety device known. It was skippered by Captain George Wyer, a 25-year veteran of fishing and natural history cruises off the coast of Southern California and Baja. All natural history trips are directed by highly qualified guides and instructors. We drew Dr. Theodore J. Walker, a cetologist (whale biologist) and an authority on hundreds of plants, birds and animals

we would see. Interestingly, Wyer and Walker had piloted a similar trip that I took several years ago. Some wheel-of-fortune spin had brought us together again.

Most of the passengers were divided into little groups—husbands and wives, friends who had teamed up for the trip, a father who felt it vital that his two teenage daughters experience important ecological events, and a few folks who came alone. Cruising on common water, feeling common concern for wildlife, sharing the same tables for

meals, problems and laughs would mold us into a close group before the trip was over.

Our trip would last six days and we would visit three Mexican islands and touch on Baja at San Ignacio Lagoon. We slipped out of San Diego Harbor about midnight with our course set for the San Benitos Islands, our first stop, about 200 miles southeasterly. It would take us a day and a half to get there; some of our group nervously took seasick pills.

Just after dawn the next day, I

story and photos by James Tallon

-Here Come the Whales



ambled onto the stern with a pre-breakfast cup of coffee to find several passengers sucking in the fresh sea air. "Look," a tall, thin woman squealed, "there's a flying fish!" Along with others, it leaped from the *Finalista's* bow-wave and glided on gossamer fin-wings painted gold by the rising sun. Later in the day, a pod of high-jumping bottle-nosed porpoises intercepted the boat. They cavorted in the wake and their audience cavorted as happily as children . . . with expensive cameras.

Next came a pair of albatross who shyly followed our vessel, rarely coming closer than 100 yards. They flew with great skill and ease. Occasionally, they dipped their beaks into the water for tidbits that mysteriously appeared in our wake.

The following morning, we dropped anchor in a blue-diamond bay at West Benitos Island and crewmen skiffed us ashore at the island's only town, a primitive fishing village. Dr. Walker showed us dozens of plants, including those with names such as popcorn flowers, hens and chickens, San Benitos tarweed, sea blight and the whatever-you-want-to-call-it daisy. He identified brown pelicans, terns and seagulls; it is not uncommon to see as many as 100 different species of birds on the cruises. The most fas-

*San Benitos sea lions,
including giant bull elephant,
accommodate photographer*



cinating were petrels. They came out at night, flew into and under the water in pursuit of small aquatic creatures attracted by the lights of our boat. At that time the sea was rich in plankton that glowed under pressure.

When Wyer turned off the boat's lights playful California sea lions danced an incredible sub surface ballet. They became incandescent purple in the plankton; they pirouetted, turned somersaults and made lively dashes. The instant they stopped, they would disappear. When they resumed movement, they would materialize. "This phenomenon challenges the believability of my mind," said a voice in the darkness.

But the emphasis at San Benitos is on elephant seals, the largest of all seals. Bulls may be 20 feet long and weigh 5,000 pounds; cows average about 1,700 pounds. Their large light-gathering eyes permit them to see and catch ratfish, one of their foods, in dim, 300-foot depths.

The elephant seal's blubber is almost pure oil. During the late 1800s and early 1900s, commercial hunters nearly exterminated the species for that oil. It was excellent for lubricating machinery, and an average adult seal yielded 200 gallons. By 1911, there were only a few survivors—one journal said just a pair of elephant seals were left, and those lived on Guadalupe Island, about 75 miles west of San Benitos. The Mexican government

moved troops onto Guadalupe to protect the seals, the United States extended its protection and the elephant seal made a comeback.

Whale watching begins

After an overnight run, George delicately brought the *Finalista* through the narrow channel into San Ignacio Lagoon. It almost frothed with gray whale activity. Those gentle giants grow to be about 45 feet long and weigh about 35 tons, with 3,000-pound tongues. They have flukes (tail lobes) 10 feet wide and flippers 14 feet long. Each year they migrate from the Arctic, an 8,000-mile round trip, to breed and give birth to 1,000-pound babies in Baja's lagoons. Like the elephant seal, this magnificent animal was nearly exterminated by commercial hunters. Protection from a 15-nation whaling commission and an embargo on whale products by the U. S. has brought the gray whale population back to perhaps 18,000.

Based on how close our natural history enthusiasts approached the whales, I am convinced they are a fearless lot. "Aw, they wouldn't dream of hurting anyone," a long-haired young man said. Dr. Walker grinned. "They are difficult to provoke. However, a few years ago one jumped onto a small boat manned by some of Jacques Cousteau's divers and destroyed it. Fortunately, no one was hurt."

With just three of the small skiffs,

we alternated between following whales and going ashore to beach-comb. The west Baja lagoons are called "dumping grounds of the Pacific" and items ranging from colorful Japanese glass net floats to California redwood logs, drift into them from all over the world.

Island hopping

After a day and a half at San Ignacio, we cruised northward to Cedros Island. Some of the more rugged nature buffs climbed a 1,714-foot-high peak to see the island's namesake: cedar (*cedros* in Spanish) and pine trees. A few, hooked on seals and sea lions, took skiffs to more colonies; others stayed aboard to catch some fine fish.

Our last sojourn took place on San Martin Island, an extinct volcano jutting from the sea. Passengers climbed to its rim, then descended into its interior. With a certain air of finality, they walked among the flowers and seal and sea lion colonies, dodging gravel flipped at them by short-tempered cows. They sat on lichenized boulders and followed the dive-bomb runs of brown pelicans feeding on bait-fish. When the seventh dawn came, our crew tied the *Finalista* in its berth in San Diego and stilled the engines. A woman said softly, "This is like returning to earth after exploring other worlds. I will miss them and those who helped me enjoy exploring them."

No one disagreed. □



Above: Baby elephant seal attracts attention. Right: Shuttle retrieves explorers. Below: Brown pelicans shepherd shore birds along beach







That “Old Ford” Parts Store

No order is too antiquated
for this antique auto emporium

by Robert Beckman

illustrations by Max Altek

THERE IS A Ford parts supplier in Long Beach, California, grossing more than \$1 million a year.

That in itself isn't exactly shattering news. What is, however, is that this particular business sup-

plies parts only for antique Fords.

Its name: Ford Parts Obsolete, Inc. And it has become known worldwide, making it quite logical for the business to be located in a city that for years has been called

"International City." Because of the increasing flow of goods through the Port of Long Beach, residents are accustomed to seeing foreign ships, foreign sailors and foreign labels.

The postman whose calls include the old Ford parts store on West Willow Street glances at his bundle of letters for the occupants and he, too, feels the international flavor. The owners of the converted supermarket are partners in a business that warms the cockles of the hearts of countless Ford car enthusiasts.

Old cars, that is.

The postman, having breathed the nostalgic air inside as he deposited the mail on the long, glass-topped counter, silently labels his daily stop there "a lesson in geography." A typical day's mail delivery includes such postmarks as Canada and Australia. Several letters will be from Mexico.

Recently, even the internationally minded postman took a second look. He had spied a hastily addressed envelope bearing a Tahitian stamp. It was obvious from the word RUSH printed in large letters along the bottom of the envelope that the writer was in a hurry.

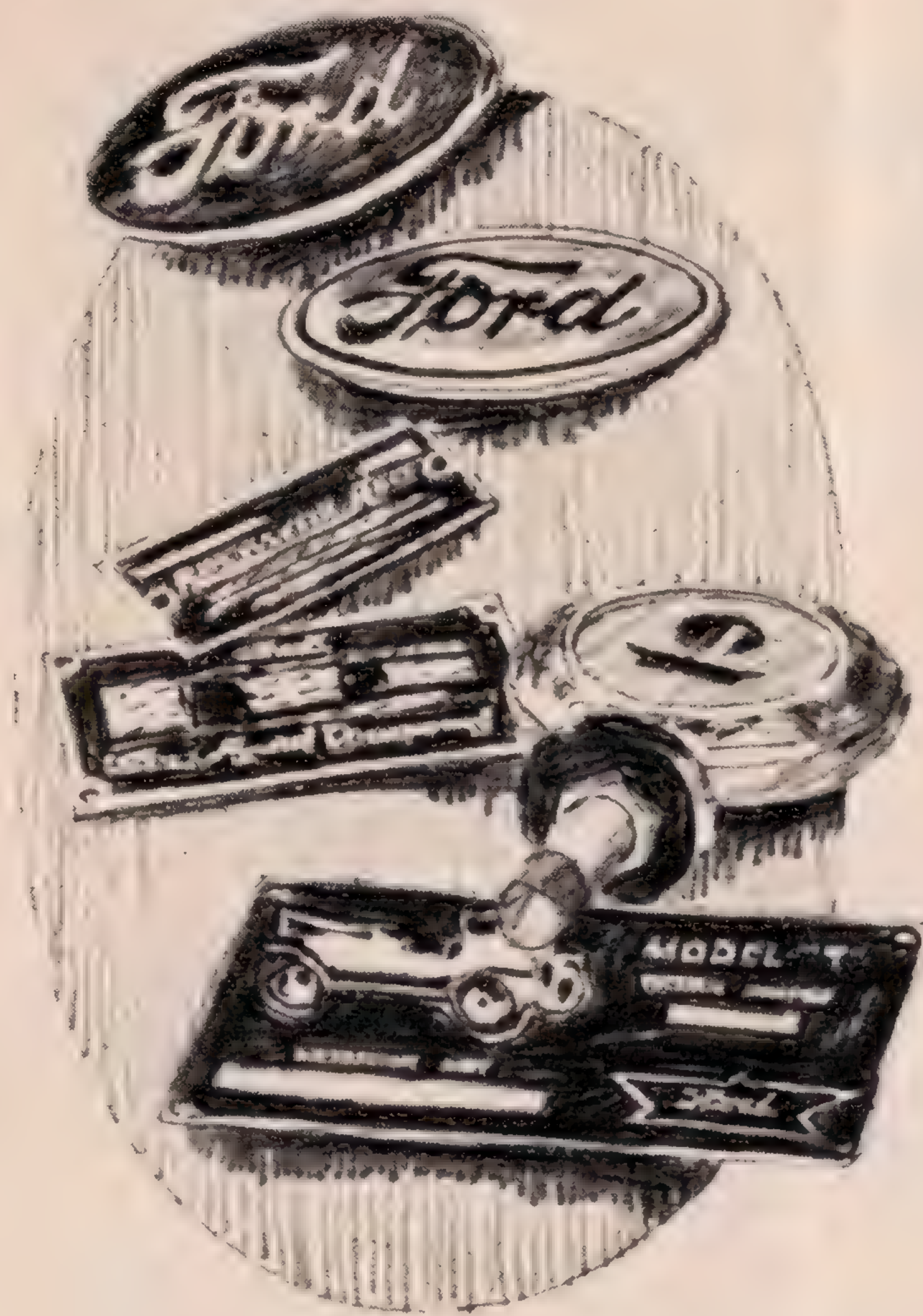
Ford Parts Obsolete's partners, Joe McClelland and Gene Valdes, were being asked to "supply as soon as you can" a top frame for a 1928 Model A.

The highly efficient partnership, wise to the ways of old car buffs the world over, located the needed top

frame within two days, supervised its careful packing and shipped it to the South Seas Island.

What the postman laughingly calls "your foreign mail" is, more accurately, welcome business for McClelland and Valdes.

It was 23 years ago when the two friends, both clerks in a Los Angeles



auto parts store, noticed the increasing number of requests for obsolete Ford parts coming across the counter. For a time they dismissed the requests with polite replies that such parts "just can't be found anymore."

The old parts requests increased. McClelland and Valdes began taking car buffs' phone numbers and promising to watch for the wanted

items. Then they began making inquiries, mostly by phone, and to their surprise some of the needed parts could be found. The prices often were high, and the search

One day they kiddingly agreed such searches could be a full-time job. The next morning the idea was mentioned again, and this time the jocularity was missing. Both had arrived for work with the same idea. Why not form a partnership and go into business?

The next year, 1953, McClelland and Valdes opened a small shop in Los Angeles where "there was just enough room for the two of us and some storage areas."

Putting together what capital they could, the partners began a modest advertising campaign in periodicals that were prime reading for old car enthusiasts. The response was good.

Their small shop became organized and mail orders quickly exceeded "walk-in" business. By 1955 cramped quarters hurt the efficiency of the operation. The duo moved into a 6,000-square-foot building a short

distance across Los Angeles. They stepped up their advertising campaign.

With more business, the partners were out shopping within two years for elbow room. They chose a vacated supermarket at 1320 West



time-consuming, but the parts were not impossible to locate.

The goodwill missions evolved into friendly competition to determine which man was the faster in running down a lead on a long-outdated part.

Willow, Long Beach 90810.

How far will a restorer go in rebuilding an old car?

"A true restorer," says McClelland (with Valdes' blessing he acts as spokesman for the venture) "will be 99.9 percent accurate when he's through. The only thing he usually updates are brakes and lights. And he'll often spend at least five thousand dollars on the project."

A tour of Ford Parts Obsolete's stock room, patterned after many modern parts establishments, reveals bin after bin filled with old car parts—from bearings to horn buttons—with each bin bearing the original part number assigned by Ford Motor Company.

Some bins contain what the partners refer to as "new old parts." These are reproduction parts, carefully machined and tooled to duplicate the original part no longer available in quantity.

"Repros," explains McClelland, "cost more because they aren't manufactured in volume."

What old car parts are most in demand now? "The classic T-Bird," says McClelland.

Asked when he and his partner expect the antique car craze to peak, easy-going McClelland responds with a twinkle in his eye:

"I thought it was going to top off in 1955, but in 1967 I thought it was 1967. You could say it's right now, but of course there's always next year . . ."



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by Mary Zimmer

paintings by Robert J. Lee



WHEN 25-YEAR-OLD Henry Knox was named Commander of the Artillery of the Continental Army in the fall of 1775, he turned to General Washington and inquired in mock seriousness:

"Where is the artillery?"

He knew and Washington knew that, practically speaking, there was none. Washington had only a few cannons at his headquarters in Cambridge. But both knew where there were guns to be had: Six months earlier the British had fled

"A Noble Train of Artillery"



Fort Ticonderoga, leaving behind a sizeable cache of artillery.

With the forthright Henry, to think was to act. He volunteered to go and get the guns. Washington, always one to go through channels, wrote to the Continental Congress seeking approval. Congress appointed a committee to study the proposition. But Henry could not wait for formalities. Ever since the Battle of Bunker Hill on June 17, the American siege of Boston, where General William Howe was bottled up with thousands of redcoats, had dragged on—chiefly because neither side felt capable of engaging the other. Washington, lacking even gun powder, could not hold out indefinitely on bluff alone.

In mid-November Knox set out with his younger brother William on horseback for Ticonderoga, via New York City, with neither authority nor rank. When Congress had made him a lieutenant colonel, instead of colonel as expected, he had informed his friend John Adams: "If your respectable body [Congress] should not incline to give me the rank and pay of colonel, I must beg to decline it. But I will do every service in my power as a volunteer."

Henry Knox had always shown responsibility and resourcefulness. At the age of nine he had left the Boston Latin Grammar School to support his mother and William, fortunately finding a job in a book

store. For years he read avidly, with special interest in military history and practice. He became active in the local militia and on March 5, 1770, tried vainly to stem the street violence that became the Boston Massacre. At 21 he opened his own book store which became a popular gathering place for British officers—with whom he held endless discussions on military matters—and for the intellectuals of Boston.

Among these was Miss Lucy Flucker, the vivacious 18-year-old daughter of wealthy Tories. Like Henry, she was even then inclined to stoutness. Apparently it was love at first sight, and forever. In his book *Henry Knox, General Washington's General* (the most recent and most detailed Knox biography), North Callahan quotes many letters from Knox to his "lovely Lucy" reporting the progress of the war and assuring her of his devotion, as well as many letters from Lucy bemoaning her wartime separation from "dear Harry." The Knoxes were to become the butt of many sly jokes about "a well-rounded couple" or "the heaviest couple in the city"; he was eventually to achieve a weight of 280 pounds, she 250. But they took these friendly jibes in stride, for they were universally popular.

Even in 1775, with a weight of 250, Henry required a stout horse for the trip to Ticonderoga. To his disappointment, he found that many

of the British guns there were worn out and useless, but he salvaged 59 of them, ranging in length from one foot to 11 feet, and in weight from 100 to 5,500 pounds. The total load which he now blithely proposed to transport over 300 miles of wilderness was 119,900 pounds.

By the afternoon of December 9 this burdensome cargo had been loaded aboard three lake vessels, and the little flotilla set out southward on Lake George, Henry going ahead in the fastest boat to arrange for horses, oxen and sleds for the overland journey. Difficulties quickly arose. The scow, which carried the greatest weight, ran aground, but William was able to refloat it, only to have it swamped and sunk in a high wind—fortunately in shallow water so it was again retrieved. The wind died, and empty sails meant arduous rowing. Nevertheless, the guns finally covered the 33 miles to Fort George.

Had the ever-ebullient Knox known of the difficulties ahead, even he might have quailed before the task. But apparently he had every confidence of success, for he wrote Colonel Alexander McDougall in New York asking him to send some 13-inch shells to Cambridge for the guns he was bringing. To Washington he sent word that “. . . trusting we shall have a fine fall of snow which will enable us to proceed further and make the carriage easy . . . I hope in 16 or 17 days to present to





your Excellency a noble train of artillery." To Lucy he wrote affectionately: "Had I the power to transport myself to you, how eagerly rapid would be my flight. It makes me smile to think how I should look—like a tennis ball bowled down the steep."

Knox spent the first four days of January 1776 cutting holes in the ice on the Hudson River so that it would refreeze strong enough to support the cannon-bearing sleds. When the artillery finally reached Albany, it aroused so much curiosity and delight in the citizenry that every able-bodied male wanted to participate. Some even tipped the hired handlers to let them help move the guns across the frozen Hudson. When the last one broke through, they worked so valiantly to recover the "drown'd cannon" (as Knox called it in his diary of the trip) that in gratitude Knox named it the "Albany."

The sleds moved steadily southward on the Old Post Road to Clavernack, and on January 10 turned east, following for a while the present route of State Highway 23. The route led first through dense forest, then over the Berkshire Mountains along an Indian trail (where there is now no road whatsoever), traversing rivers, swamps, cliffs and canyons. Often the men had to use drag chains and poles under the sled runners, with check ropes anchored to successive trees, to keep the heavily

loaded sleds from running away on steep downward slopes. To add to the difficulties, the snow deteriorated in a spell of warm weather, leaving the cannons mired in mud.

But the caravan got through, to Blandford by January 13, then on to Westfield where the people turned out en masse to admire and fondle the big guns, the like of which they had never seen before, and to fete the men of the train. When they begged for a demonstration, Knox had his men fire a charge from a 24-pounder which they had nicknamed the "Old Sow" because of its size and shape. Its deep, resounding boom silenced the gay crowd, but only briefly. Soon they were again toasting the gun handlers with cider and whiskey, and Knox joined in the fun. Nobody loved a party better than Henry.

By February the guns reached Cambridge where Knox was doubtless gratified to learn that Congress had made him a full colonel. By great good fortune the Americans had captured a British ammunition ship. At last Washington could move. On the night of March 4, while part of the artillery rained diversionary fire on Boston, the Americans surreptitiously dragged Knox's guns up on Dorchester Heights and constructed elaborate fortifications there. On the morning of March 5 General Howe was astonished to find himself looking up the muzzles of these formidable Yankee guns that commanded not

only the city, but every British ship in the harbor. The date was no coincidence: It was the sixth anniversary of the Boston Massacre.

Howe was allowed to evacuate Boston in return for not destroying the city; the British withdrew to Halifax. With them fled many Tories, including Lucy's parents—she never saw them again. On March 17 General Washington rode triumphantly into Boston with Henry

In June 1795 he and Lucy, with their six then-surviving children (out of 12) took a small ship from Boston to Thomaston—now in Maine but then still part of Massachusetts—where they had built a luxurious 19-room mansion, “Montpelier.” For 20 years Knox had devoted his talents and energies to the service of his country; now, on the vast acreage of wild land he had acquired partly through

Lucy's inheritance and partly by purchase, he would try to improve his own shaky financial condition in a frenzy of lumbering, ship-building, fishing, brickmak-

ing, cattle raising, farming and lime-burning, as well as by selling land.

On July 4, 1795, the jolly, sociable Knoxes held a gigantic party. Five hundred guests swarmed over the mansion to exclaim over its splendor, and to eat and drink their fill. It was probably the most elaborate housewarming in the history of the state, for a mansion widely acknowledged as the most elegant in all New England. And the happiest couple there were Henry and Lucy.

Broadly speaking. □

(Montpelier, at Thomaston, has been reconstructed. A Maine State Memorial, it is open May 30 through September 10.)



Knox at his side. Callahan relates that the noted Tory clergyman Dr. Mather Byles, watching from a corner as they passed, quipped: “I never saw a (Kn)ox fatter in my life!”

If Henry Knox had done nothing more than bring the guns from Ticonderoga he would deserve a hero's status. But he served brilliantly throughout the Revolution, becoming a major-general. He built the artillery from a handful of guns and men into a disciplined force that acquitted itself well at every major battle, and was a decisive factor at Yorktown. From 1785 to 1794, he was the country's first Secretary of War.



painting by Neil Boyle ▲

▼ painting by Norman Nicholson



LARK CREEK INN LARKSPUR, CALIFORNIA

This delightful restaurant is in a lovely yellow and white 1888 Victorian house nestled under towering redwoods on the banks of Lark Creek. The inn serves lunch and dinner daily in the dining room and on a flower-filled patio when the weather permits. Closed Christmas Day. Take the Corte Madera turnoff from U.S. Highway 101, travel through the town to Magnolia, turn right and proceed one mile.

BABY LOBSTER TAILS

16 *Iceland frozen lobster tails*
Flour for dredging

4 *tablespoons shallots,*
chopped very fine
2 *tablespoons butter*
 $\frac{1}{2}$ *cup California White Riesling*
4 *teaspoons lemon juice*
Salt and pepper
5 *tablespoons butter*
Chopped parsley, for garnish

Peel the baby lobster tails, dip lightly in flour. Put 3 tablespoons butter in a skillet and sauté lobster tails. Add shallots, wine, lemon juice, salt and pepper and let simmer for about 4 minutes. Spoon remaining melted butter over the lobster tails. Remove quickly from pan. Place lobster tails in a serving dish, pour sauce over and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves 4.

FAVORITE Recipes FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy

GINO'S OF SONOMA SONOMA, CALIFORNIA

This small and attractively designed restaurant features authentic Italian food served piping hot from an immaculate kitchen. The recipes come from the Marche region of Italy. Lunch and dinner served daily until 10 p.m. It is at 422 First Street East, on the plaza in Sonoma.

CHICKEN MONTPELLIER

2½ *pounds skinned chicken thighs,*
legs and breast
 $\frac{3}{4}$ *cup oil*
3 *onions, chopped*

3 *cloves garlic, chopped*
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ *teaspoons paprika*
6 *large tomatoes,*
peeled and cut into pieces
2 *green peppers,*
cut into bite size pieces
1 *can black olives (6 ounces)*
 $\frac{1}{4}$ *teaspoon each:*
thyme, basil and parsley
Salt and pepper, to taste

Heat oil, add chicken pieces and sauté for a few minutes. Add onions, garlic, paprika, salt and pepper. Cook until onion is lightly browned; add tomatoes, peppers, herbs and olives. Simmer 1 hour or until chicken is done. Serves 4.



painting by Bud Shackelford ▲

▼ painting by William Noonan



THE BRIGANTINE SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Great seafood served in a cozy nautical atmosphere has made this restaurant justly famous. One of the most popular dishes is "Cioppino," a California contribution to great seafood dishes. Dinner is served every night; lunch served Monday through Friday. The address is 2912 Shelter Island Drive. CIOPPINO

Sauté the following in ½ cup of olive oil: 1¼ medium onions, chopped; 1 stalk celery, chopped; 4 cloves garlic, crushed or minced; and 2 tablespoons fresh chopped parsley or 1½ teaspoons dry parsley flakes. When vegetables are soft, add 3½ tablespoons red wine

vinegar; ¾ cup burgundy wine; 1½ teaspoons allspice; 1 tablespoon salt and 2 cups water. Then add a quart of fish stock and simmer for 1½ hours until mixture thickens. SEAFOOD

Divide the following seafood equally into 6 individual ovenproof casseroles (with covers) or one large oven casserole: 1 pound fresh or frozen raw cleaned shrimp, 12 ounces fresh or frozen scallops, 12 scrubbed raw clams, 1 pound King or Dungeness crab legs, cracked; 1 pound boned whitefish, cut in chunks; and 6 lemon wedges. Fill casseroles to the brim with sauce, cover and bake in preheated 450° oven for 20 to 30 minutes. Provide bowls for discarding bones and shells. Serve with hot sourdough bread. Makes 6 generous portions.

THE KETTLE RESTAURANT ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

An Anaheim landmark, this restaurant features American cuisine and has an extensive seafood menu. Reservations necessary for lunch and dinner which are served weekdays. Closed Sunday and some holidays. From the Santa Ana Freeway, North, take the Lincoln Exit and proceed to 1776 West Lincoln.

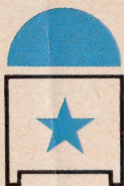
MEAT LOAF

Combine and mix well: 1½ pounds ground beef, 1½ cups stewed tomatoes (drained), ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 eggs, ⅓ teaspoon oregano, 1 teaspoon dried celery leaves,

1 medium onion (chopped fine), and 1 cup bread crumbs. Mold into loaf and top with 2 strips of bacon. Place in a pan and bake in 375° oven for about 1 hour. Serves 4-6.

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

Slit a pocket in 4 large, thick pork chops. Moisten 2 cups crumbled stale bread with water. To bread add: 1 cup cooked sausage meat, 1 small onion, chopped; pinch of sage, thyme, parsley and paprika. Season with salt and pepper. Blend stuffing, then fill pockets in chops. Place chops in baking pan and sprinkle with a teaspoon each of rosemary, parsley and paprika. Roast in 375° oven for 1 hour.



Letters

Van-Tastic

Dear Sirs: We thought you'd like to know that we're still driving our Ford van, which we bought from Los Feliz Ford in Glendale, California, in August, 1970. We've insulated and paneled the van, installed a stove, refrigerator, sink, closet, cupboards, carpeting, etc., and traveled over 56,000 miles, going across country several times. The van is a most comfortable unit and everyone who sees it admires it. If we ever have to replace it, even though we are now living in Seattle, we'll buy another one from Los Feliz Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Parker
Seattle, Washington

The Fading Five

Dear Sirs: In 1919 I started a small oil business and developed a non-chatter oil for Model T Fords. The small corner grocery stores of those days used the Model T for delivering their wares and I found them

to be good customers for the oil. I would charge them five dollars for a five-gallon can and they would trade groceries for the oil. My problem was how to fit five dollars' worth of groceries, at 1919 prices, into the turtle back of my Model T Roadster. Times sure have changed. Today, five dollars' worth of groceries will almost go into the glove compartment of my daughter's Mustang II.

J. B. Whitney, Jr.

Corona del Mar, California

Painters' Pal

Dear Sirs: I wish to express my appreciation for the beautiful paintings that have appeared in FORD TIMES for the 25 years I have received the magazine from my Ford dealer. Twelve years ago I was bedridden with an illness and to while away the time, I copied many of the FORD TIMES paintings in crayons. When I was able to get up, I started to paint in watercolors and before long developed my own technique. My thanks to those artists—Brough, DiCicco, Fulwider, Brandt and the many others—for the inspiration which helped me re-discover a long-forgotten talent.

Mrs. Dora Morris

El Monte, California

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score
for
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Mustang II. Boredom O.

Mustang II for '76. On looks alone, it delivers you from dull. But looks aren't everything. Move it out . . . it's a road machine that gives you many of the features you find in more expensive European sports cars.

Designed to be designed by you. Economy car. Luxury car. Sports car. Ford Mustang can be almost anything you want it to be.

From the sprightly Mustang II MPG Hardtop, to the lean and racy new Stallion models, the unique new

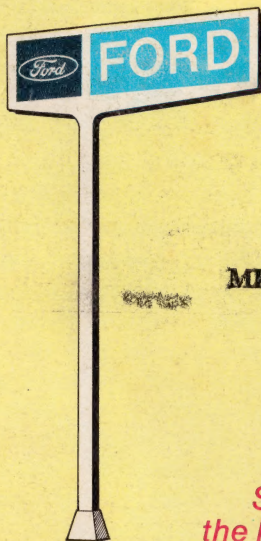
Cobra II, even the elegant Ghia (shown here with optional dual remote mirrors and wsw tires).

Mustang II MPG has EPA estimates of 34 mpg hwy., 24 mpg city.

With standard 4-speed transmission. Your actual mileage will vary depending on your car's condition, optional equipment and how and where you drive. Standard equipment includes a 2.3 liter engine, rack and pinion steering, front disc brakes, tachometer, and more.

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